

Sooner or Later (Die 1 Day)

Lloyd Banks

I know that sooner (sooner)
Or later (or later)
I'm going to meet my maker

I never thought that in the beginning, I would see his fall in the end
Pay a man to paint pictures on the wall of my friends
1990's sins, It was all for tha ends
Ends for tha rims, Rims for tha Benz, Benz for tha skins
Before you talk bout money, make a mil' first
You don't dig me - sick me, Either kill me or get killed worse
Your songs in need of a real verse
Son of the man, God feel me like he feel church
Then right after speech time, it's sparkin' the street crime
Niggaz throwin' everything at you, Cept' a peace sign
Live by the gun, Die by the gun
Till' my time come, Im'a spend time witcha son
I could just see them sad, When they remind you of them
Them woulda did the same thing, We confined to the slum
And those that don't adapt, they either blind deaf or dumb
Spine of a squirrel, Mind of a girl set to run

Why run nigga, it's gon cost
Its gon come nigga but till' the day it does
Im'a hold my shit down, take it in blood
Outsiders get no love

Fishin' in a swamp in a desert, Lizard sweater
Half a billy a five, 2 macs in da ride
They call him Coke-Komo, Co-signed by kings in the rich homo
Made me 3 mil in a month, Pockets mumped
Ferrari still by tha projects buildin', real dot tech ill
They dumb out wit uzi's and wheels yo
Steak'll take meetings, beefin' too much dough - the legion
Bat in my hand - the sweet eastern
Losin' money fellas, we won't have that, better grab that
or don't come back, or get clap at
Me and my bitches in tha kitchen
One sucking dick - I paid to have shot and sent to the Brinxton
Dogs eatin' calamari, coke in a larrari's jar
Never broke, hardly rob, eat with the godly's god
Get wit the gods or get wit the mob
From Shalom to queens, we wild wit the beams

Don't blame me blame South Side, That's what made me my - crazy high
But I'll spot a traitor out my lazy eye - ladies spy
I'm the one you wanna have that baby by - Maybe I'm
Better of alone, Keeps me in my zone
Nights roam, white patron, GT in my chrome
Alien phone home, ET in my throne
I achieved what they wanted, ease into they stomach
When you broke time slow, but ya weeks are numbered
And bad news keeps you weak and numb
Like when i lost my old man, Damn near threw up the whole weekend son
I shoulda listened, friends turned foe
The toast so the fo' fo' will make a nigga run like Ocho - Cinco on my mink
hoe
I'm the protégé of pimpin' livin' for the sippin'

now that they rolled away to Clinton
Marijuana shippin' Champagne lobster shrimpin'
Game trained not to listen, maintain pop the clip in

[Chorus]